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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PHILADELPHIA

# FIRST AID

*A War-Time Comedy in One Act*

By

HELEN BAGG

*Author of "Whiskers," "Why Not Jim?"  
"Untangling Tony," etc.*



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1918

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First Aid

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# First Aid

## CHARACTERS

1. PHILIP GARDEN - surgeon, connected with the American  
Ambulance Corps in France *Carrington*  
2. HENRI MARTIN - a tenor from the Opera, serving  
France in the trenches *Reggie*  
3. DAVID MANNERS - - - an English "Tommy" *Jimmy*  
4. MARGARET SPENCER - - - an English nurse *Maria*  
5. SALLY PAGE - - - an American nurse *Mrs. C.*  
6. EMMELINE - - - a colored scrub-woman *Sadie*  
*Govan*

TIME.—1918.

PLACE.—France.

SCENE.—A field hospital.

## STORY OF THE PLAY

Sally Page, a young American nurse, has just arrived at a hospital near the front, in France. The surgeon in charge is Philip Garden, whom she has loved, and quarreled with in America. Philip has become interested in Margaret Spencer, an English nurse, but her heart has been given long ago to an English officer, David Manners, who disappeared in disgrace after a court-martial. A wounded soldier hero brought to the hospital proves to be Manners. Sally will make no move to bring David and Margaret together, but Henri Martin, a French soldier, decides to perform "first aid" to the lovers. Through him Margaret recognizes David. All her old love for him is rekindled. Philip turns to Sally for consolation. "I guess I need a little treatment myself."

## COSTUMES, ETC.

PHILIP GARDEN. About twenty-eight. A fine-looking man of the energetic type that America has sent to France. He wears a white hospital uniform.

HENRI MARTIN. About forty. He wears a faded French uniform of light blue, with an empty sleeve. He is jaunty and good-humored, and his English is more fluent than correct.

DAVID MANNERS. About thirty. He is a bedraggled, bearded, unkempt specimen, dressed in what is left of an English uniform, and gives the impression of weakness rather than actual illness. Head and arm bandaged. Bandage on head and also beard, removed during the play.

SALLY PAGE. About twenty-six. A pretty American girl in a Red Cross uniform. She has a brisk and competent manner, which with her rather saucy air makes her most attractive.

MARGARET SPENCER. About twenty-eight. A tall, gentle-looking English girl, in a Red Cross uniform.

EMMELINE. About twenty-five. A good-looking young colored woman. Wears a scrub-woman's costume, suggesting a uniform such as might be worn by employees of a hospital.

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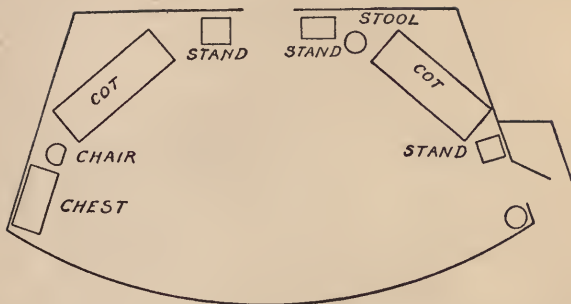
## PROPERTIES

Two hospital cots and medicine stands. Pail of water, scrubbing brush and soap. Pile of clean blankets and towels. Medicine bottles. A surgical instrument. Physician's thermometer. Cigarettes and matches. Knitting materials. A stretcher. Small pad and pencil. Box of medicine pellets. Hot water bottle. Glass of water. Razor and shaving materials. Basin of water. Hand mirror. Telegram.

If desired (but not absolutely necessary) sound of guns to be heard at a great distance and a phonograph heard off stage. Sound of guns may be imitated by rubbing a bass drum. For the phonograph, if used, there should be one or two good opera records for tenor voice.

## SCENE PLOT

BACKING



SCENE.—A room in a field hospital near the front, “somewhere in France.” The room may be a tent, if desired. Door up c., with interior backing. If the room represents a tent the backing is a canvas curtain. Door also L. Up L. a hospital cot or bed, and another up R. This second cot may be omitted, if necessary. R. of the door at c. is a medicine stand, containing bottles, glass of water, surgical instrument, thermometer, etc. L. of the door at c. is a wash-stand with basin and pitcher, towel rack. A hand mirror on wash-stand. Down L. near door another medicine stand with bottles, etc. Chair up L. near bed and another down L. At R. a window (may be omitted). At R. also a chair and a large chest, containing boxes of medical supplies.



# First Aid

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SCENE.—*A small room in a field hospital; it may be a tent, if desired; something that gives the impression of being not very far from the front. There are the usual hospital paraphernalia; two cots, medicine stands, chairs, etc. The room should be slightly disordered. A door at C. and one at L. A window at R., if desired, but this is not necessary. The low rumble of guns, with an occasional louder sound, may be heard intermittently during the play.*

*(As the curtain rises, EMMELINE, a good-looking young colored woman, is on her knees down R., with a pail of water, scrubbing the floor.)*

EMMELINE. *DK* De way men folks does track in de mud is shore a calamity! Lan' sakes, if dis yere ain' de plumb wettes' country de Lawd ever done made! Sometimes I is jest 'bleeged ter wonder ef dere ain' somefin' in all dat Kaiser talk 'bout "Me an' God"—de way de weather is run over here sure do look like it. *(Enter at L. SALLY PAGE, in a Red Cross uniform, with her arms full of blankets, towels, etc.)* Now, lemme catch 'em tromplin' in any mo' mud an' if I don' make 'em believe dat de Day ob Jedgegment's come, it'll be case I's suddently paralyzed! *(She sees SALLY and, still on her knees, surveys her admiringly.)* Mornin', missy. Reckon you all's de new nurse dat come in from de base hospital las' night?

*DK* SALLY *(up L., arranging her blankets on the beds and her towels on the racks).* Yes, I'm Miss Page—from New York. And you?

EMMELINE (*trying to look modest but failing utterly*). I's Emmeline. I jes' scrubs roun'. But what dese po', good fo' nuffin' white folks would do if I was ter be hit by a shell, I sure don' know!

SALLY. Oh, I see.

EMMELINE (*rising*). Yassam. I reckon I's First Aid if dere is any roun' here.

SALLY (*R.*). Well, I'm glad you got the floor nice and clean. The head nurse said the ambulance would be in from the trenches any moment with some more wounded.

EMMELINE (*L.*). Deed, yes, chile, woundeds is de plentifullest tings we's got roun' here. Dey calls 'em "blessés." Ain' dat queer?

(EMMELINE *pronounces it "blessees."*)

SALLY (*working as she talks*). Well, no, I wouldn't call it queer, as it happens to be French for "wounded."

EMMELINE. Dat so? Well, ain' de French got de queeres' names fer tings? Now dat young Frenchman dat dey shot his arm off is name "Henry Martin," an' he call hisse'f "Ongree Martang." Ain' dat a scream? Say he's name after er big Frenchman, too, an' dat everybody in Paree call it "Martang."

SALLY. You mean the young man whose arm was amputated, and who sings so much to the wounded?

EMMELINE. Yassam, he's de big tenor at de Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

SALLY (*horrified*). Oh, no!

EMMELINE. Yassam, I's a New York nigger, ma'se'f, so I knows. I uster scrub in de Metropolitan Opera House, an' many's de time I done listen to dat man rehearsin' an' fightin' wif de conductor an' rarin' an' pitchin' at de leadin' lady, an' jes' nacherly raisin' Cain, but I never did look to be holdin' his han' somewheres in France. No, sir.

SALLY. Holding his hand?

EMMELINE. Yassam. When Dr. Garden went to cut off dat arm, Misto Martin he done say: "Fotch in

Emmeline. I like for to have some woman roun' me what I's 'quainted wif, an' I's too sick to be perticular 'bout color." (*Wipes her eyes at the memory.*) Yassam, I reckon he's as brave as dey make 'em. I jes' hope ma Rastus gwine 'stinguish hisse'f lak dat.

(*At the mention of GARDEN'S name a slight constraint has come into SALLY'S manner.*)

SALLY. Is Rastus your husband?

EMMELINE (*down R., gathering up her pail, etc.*). Yassam—dat is, I reckon he is, if he ain' foun' no Belgium nigger to turn his haid. Rastus is powerful temperamental.

SALLY. Is he with the army?

EMMELINE. Yassam. He done 'listed de day de wah was declare. We been a-quarrelin' dat day 'bout his spendin' money. Rastus is a dreadful ambitious nigger to wear good clothes. So he got mad an' went an' 'listed and says to me: "Reckon now Uncle Sam's payin' for my clothes you'se gwine give me some peace." "Well," I says, "I will, but de Germans won't." An', lan' sakes, wasn' he ordered off jes' two weeks atter dat! So I jes' packed up an' jined de fust hospital unit dat was comin' dis way, case I don' trust dat nigger no furdur dan I has to, no, sir. How'd you come over, honey?

SALLY (*down R.*). Oh, I've been over some time. I've been at the base hospital over yonder for two months, and yesterday they sent for me to come here and take Miss Spencer's place. She's going back to England on a furlough.

(*Tenor voice heard singing operatic music outside. Use phonograph with good record, but not too loud. Uncover gradually and stop abruptly as MARTIN enters.*)

EMMELINE. Dere Misto Martin now. Bet dat head nurse done sen' him atter me. Ain' she de particularest pusson you ever did see? She mus' make dis place seem like home to dem woundeds—'tain'

likely none of 'em been ordered roun' so much sence he seen his wife an' mother-in-law las'.

(Enter, c., HENRI MARTIN, in a tattered uniform, with an empty sleeve. He is impressed with the appearance of the new nurse, and salutes her most deferentially.)

MARTIN. Pardon, Mademoiselle, but the ambulance it have arrive, and one of the stretcher men have been hurt. Dr. Garden says Emelie is to come an' help.

EMMELINE (*preparing to go*). Didn' I tell you? Fust Aid? Well, I guess I's him.

(Exit promptly, c.)

SALLY (*down R.*). Are there many wounded?

MARTIN (*coming down c.*). De usual lot, Mademoiselle, and I as useless as ever!

(Glancing bitterly at his empty sleeve.)

SALLY. Oh, no, not useless!

MARTIN. At any rate, when I am old' and de voice is gone, I shall not have to be vot you Americans call "ze supe." No one want a one arm chorus man, eh?

SALLY (*smiling*). How do you always know we're Americans?

MARTIN. By de charming air of independence w'ich you radiate about you.

SALLY (*pleased*). Oh!

MARTIN. Also, a small foot in a well fitting shoe is an indication to an observing male.

SALLY (*trying to tuck her feet under her*). Oh! After that I suppose I mustn't mind if you do say that we talk through our noses?

MARTIN. They are adorable noses to talk through, Mademoiselle.

SALLY. I don't suppose that even a Boche shell can shoot away a Frenchman's politeness, can it?

MARTIN. God forbid, Mademoiselle!

SALLY. And when the man's a tenor —

MARTIN. It is quite impossible, Mademoiselle. (*She laughs and goes on with her work, which just now is rearranging one of the medicine stands. He stands watching her admiringly. She attempts to lift the stand, and he jumps to her assistance.*) Permit that I shall assist you.

SALLY (L. C.). Thank you, Monsieur. There, I think the room looks rather nice, don't you?

MARTIN (L.). Ah, the American ladies understand so well how to make the place look like home! Two beautiful American wives I have had, Mademoiselle, and lost ——

SALLY (*sympathetically*). Oh!

MARTIN. Through vot your American lawyer call the "incompatibility of the temperament."

(SALLY crosses R., sits and takes up some knitting.)

SALLY. Oh!

MARTIN (*coming c.*). Yes, Mademoiselle. They were beautiful devils of jealousy, both of them. No man can continue to live with a beautiful devil and still sing—is it not so? It is necessary that I sing, consequently we arrange it so. It is a wonderful country, America.

SALLY (*dryly*). So it seems. (*Then relenting.*) But, anyhow, I think it was splendid of you to leave everything and come over here to fight in a trench!

(MARTIN goes R. and gets a chair.)

MARTIN (*drawing chair near SALLY, R.*). But, no, Mademoiselle. You see, it is like this. I am a Frenchman of the people. Some time when I sing before the great crowd, or am entertain' by the rich ones of your country, I forget this. The big things of life are so easy to forget, Mademoiselle. But when this war come, and when I hear what my frien's have done, I say to myself—"Henri Martin, vot is de mos' important thing about you, my boy? Is it the voice—the great voice—or is it the power to play the great

rôle—or is it that you are rich?” No! I tell myself: “The mos’ important thing about you, Henri, is that you are a Frenchman of the people—all the same as Papa Joffre!” Then I say: “Go where you belong, my child, without loss of time.” I go, and, behold, my friends the Boche they shoot an arm off me, also without loss of time. They are a simple-minded people, these Boche, eh, Mademoiselle?

(MARTIN *may, if desired, light a cigarette with SALLY’S help.*)

SALLY (*touched*). And the French are a wonderful people, Monsieur. I—I am very proud to be allowed to help them even a little.

MARTIN (*simply*). One does what one may, Mademoiselle. Our friends have been kind. This English lady whose place you take ——

SALLY. Miss Spencer?

MARTIN. Yes. It was not easy for her to give up her beautiful English home and come to this hole to care for “les blessés.”

SALLY (*softly*). Perhaps there is some one she cares for over here, and she wants to help for his sake.

MARTIN. Do you know, I think she came to forget ——

SALLY (*interested*). To forget?

MARTIN. C’est une tragédie. Ten years ago, when she was very young—oh, eighteen or so—she was what you call engage to a young English officer, a Captain Manners, who went out to India. And in India something happened.

SALLY. He was killed?

MARTIN. No, Mademoiselle, unfortunately. Something went wrong. Some say “A mistake in judgment.” Others say “He had been drinking.” Who knows? But fifty men went to their death through him.

SALLY (*horrified*). Oh!

MARTIN. After the court martial he disappeared. It is suppose’ that he kill himself.

SALLY. How terrible!

MARTIN (*rising*). Who can say? But the English miss has never married. As an opera, it would please me very much, but in life—it is sad.

SALLY. It is dreadful.

MARTIN (*making dramatic gestures as he speaks*). In the opera, I would play the rôle of the gallant Captain Manners, but I should return. In fact, I should insist upon returning, and snatching the English miss away from the doctor, a baritone, probably, and we should all die together, comfortably.

(*Returns R. to SALLY.*)

SALLY (*pricking up her ears*). The doctor?

MARTIN. The young American doctor. What you call him? Orchard?

SALLY (*trying not to show her dismay, but failing*). Not—not Dr. Garden?

MARTIN. Ah, yes, that is it—Garden! He is heels over head in love with her. Even the wounded have observed it.

SALLY (*indignantly—jabbing her knitting needles into the wool*). I should think the wounded had better mind their own affairs!

MARTIN. What the doctor says to the nurse is their affair, Mademoiselle. It is most interesting to every one.

(*He notices SALLY's suppressed excitement.*)

SALLY (*under her breath*). Cats!

MARTIN (*observing her closely*). It is believed that she will marry him when the war is over.

SALLY. I don't believe she's forgotten that poor man in India—she couldn't!

MARTIN. Forgetting is—what you say in America—the best thing the ladies do.

SALLY (*hotly*). I've known Philip Garden since I was ten, and—— Well, let me tell you that when it comes to forgetting he—well—he was one of the most

accomplished flirts that ever sniffed the sainted air of Harvard College and —— Oh, they're coming in here.

(SALLY jumps up alertly, lays down knitting, and goes up R. MARTIN goes up C.)

EMMELINE (*outside*). Keerful, now, goin' roun' de corners! (*Enter EMMELINE and DR. GARDEN, at C., carrying a stretcher with a sick man lying on it. DR. GARDEN has the front end of the stretcher and walks backward. MARTIN assists in carrying stretcher.*) My lan', ain' stretchers de doggondest things? (*They put the stretcher down, up L.*)

GARDEN (*to EMMELINE*). Call Miss Spencer, please.

(*Exit EMMELINE at L. MARTIN and GARDEN are busied with the sick man; GARDEN has not noticed SALLY. MARTIN on knees by stretcher.*)

SALLY (*up R., demurely*). Is it a bad case, doctor?

GARDEN (*looking up, sees SALLY; is utterly amazed; gasps*). Why, Sally—Sally Page! (*She looks at him, smiling in spite of her evident embarrassment; suddenly he crosses and takes her hands whole-heartedly.*) When did you come?

SALLY. Last night—base hospital—are you surprised?

GARDEN. Surprised! Why, Sally, I'm—I'm bowled over.

MARTIN (*with the air of one who bridges over an awkward pause*). The young lady has jus' tell me that she know the doctor in America.

GARDEN (*up C.*). Know me? Well, I should think so. Why, we fought our way through college together, didn't we, Sally?

SALLY (*up R. C.*). We certainly fought, Phil.

MARTIN (*up L., still on his knees; enthusiastically*). And now to meet—here—thus—what a romance!

SALLY (*coldly*). Not at all!

GARDEN (*frowning*). Don't be a fool, Martin! Lend me a hand with this chap.

*(He goes back to stretcher. Assisted by SALLY and MARTIN, GARDEN helps the sick man from the stretcher to the bed, up L.)*

MARTIN *(at foot of bed, L.)*. Ah, the poor fellow! Is he in bad shape, doctor?

GARDEN *(up C., busy with patient)*. Exhaustion and fever. *(To SALLY.)* How long have you been over here, Sally?

SALLY *(up R. C.)*. About four months. Two at the base hospital. *(Looking at the bandage.)* He's wounded!

GARDEN. Just a scratch. Thermometer, please. *(SALLY hands him thermometer, which he shakes down as he talks.)* The lucky chap had the closest shave I've heard of yet. He was out with a scouting party—about fifty of them—cloudy night—everything apparently safe enough, till they lost their way. They could hear noises from the German trenches and knew they were in a bad place, but had no way of finding out where. This chap volunteered to reconnoitre alone.

SALLY *(softly)*. Alone!

*(While GARDEN is speaking MARGARET SPENCER enters at L. She stands in the doorway and listens, and is not noticed, as the others are listening also. GARDEN does not see her, as he is talking to SALLY.)*

GARDEN *(putting thermometer in patient's mouth)*. He hadn't been gone more than ten minutes before the moon came out. The whole place was like an electric lighted boulevard. The scouting party found that they were hidden behind a small boulder, but didn't dare move for fear of drawing the enemy's fire. This chap was out there in the moonlight—like a tenor with the spotlight turned on him. *(MARTIN makes dramatic gesture.)* The enemy saw him and fired. There wasn't a scrap of cover anywhere except the place he'd come from, and it meant death or capture for his crowd if he drew the Boches' attention to them, so he

ran—the opposite way—with the shells hitting the high places before and behind him and no place to go but on—ran till he was exhausted and fell.

*(Takes out thermometer, looks at it, hands it to SALLY, who puts it in stand.)*

MARTIN (*excited*). Sacrebleu! (*Goes down R.*)

GARDEN (*busy over patient*). By that time the Boches, seeing him headed for our trenches, evidently concluded that it was no good wasting any more shells on one lone private, so they let up. When he got his breath he crawled the rest of the way. They fired on him just before he tumbled into our trenches, and got him in the arm, but not badly. Then he got chills and fever in the trenches, and they nearly finished him.

MARGARET (*coming into the room*). And the others?

GARDEN. Got off scot free. Moon obligingly went under a cloud later, and they made it back again. (*To SALLY.*) Take off his coat.

*(Motioning to patient.) R.*

MARGARET (*half aside*). It must be a wonderful thing to save fifty men!

GARDEN. Well, rather! He'll get a D. S. O. for it, probably.

*(He is making the patient comfortable as he answers; takes his shoes off, as SALLY takes off coat.)*

MARGARET (*coming nearer*). He is English?

GARDEN. Another indomitable Tommy! (*He scribbles something on a pad and gives it to MARTIN.*) Get this for me from the pharmacist, please. (*MARTIN salutes and starts up c., taking paper from GARDEN.*) And, by the way, don't come to blows with him. (*Exit MARTIN at c. with much dignity.*) The pharmacist, unfortunately, is also a musician, and used to play the drum at Covent Garden. Now, Sally, get us a hot water bottle; we don't want any more chills. (*SALLY turns toward door, L.*) Wait a bit; have you

met Miss Spencer? (To MARGARET.) This is Miss Page, who is to take your place.

(MARGARET *smiles cordially*, SALLY *with reserve*.)

SALLY (*up R. C.*). I am quite sure I can't do what you've done, but I'll try.

GARDEN (*up C.*). The Pages are rather a wonderful family, Miss Spencer, and when one of them says she'll try, you may consider the job done.

MARGARET (*up L.*). I am sure the wounded are to be congratulated. They are exchanging a tired out nurse for a fresh one, and freshness means so much in a place like this.

SALLY (*coolly*). Dr. Garden feels obliged to show some interest in me, you see, as a fellow American —

(*Goes L.*)

GARDEN. Of course. Now, we won't undress this chap—Private Johnson, I believe his name is—because the base hospital ambulance will be here in about an hour.

(*Exit SALLY, L.*)

MARGARET. You think he's in for a long spell?

GARDEN. I'm afraid so. His wound is nothing, but he's all in from exposure and excitement. What he wants is rest and comfort.

(*He comes down R. to chest, and lifts out a box from which he takes some pellets. MARGARET goes up L. to the bed. The sick man is very quiet.*)

MARGARET. Is he unconscious, do you think?

GARDEN (*measuring pellets*). No, just played out. (MARGARET *stands by the bed. The man moves. She tries to make the pillow more comfortable for him, lifting him a bit in so doing. He groans and falls back on the bed. MARGARET exclaims slightly, and GARDEN goes up L. to her.*) Even that exertion is too much for him. The trip will be hard on him, but it's the only thing to do. He's luckier than the rest of the

poor chaps who came over this morning. They had a brush with Fritz last night.

MARGARET. Dr. Garden, I—I wonder—do you think that I ought to take this furlough? Are you sure that you can spare me?

GARDEN (*up L. c., taking her hands*). I can't spare you. You know that, don't you?

MARGARET (*drawing her hands away*). I didn't mean ———

GARDEN. But as far as the work is concerned, Miss Page can take your place without a bit of trouble.

MARGARET. She's a dear—one can see that, but has she had the experience?

GARDEN. She's been two months in the base hospital yonder. If you want to beat that for experience, you'll have to go to—I beg your pardon—the infernal regions. But what's the matter? You need a rest, and I'm sending you home to get it. If I thought you wouldn't come back ———

MARGARET. Oh, no, I couldn't help coming back!

GARDEN. I don't know. When I think of how it must feel to be in a place where there is no shelling, no trench feet, no Boches and no blood—well, it would take nerve to leave it—that's all.

MARGARET. You feel that way, too? About the horror of it all? (*Comes down*)

GARDEN (*following her, and standing at her L.*). My dear girl, one doesn't like horrors just because one's a doctor. As for you—a woman—I wouldn't blame you for getting away from it. Only, if I thought you would ———

MARGARET. Yes?

GARDEN. I'd say something I hadn't meant to say—just yet.

MARGARET. Please don't.

GARDEN (*whimsically*). Why not? He's asleep, poor chap, and Sally seems to be manufacturing the hot water bottle.

MARGARET (*agitated*). Because I ———

GARDEN. Please, Margaret. I've been wanting to say it for so long.

MARGARET. And you've known me just exactly two months! It puzzles me.

*(Turns to chest R., puts back box, rearranges contents of chest as she talks.)*

GARDEN. That's good. Shows you're interested.

MARGARET *(over her shoulder)*. Of course I'm interested. I like you too well not to be.

GARDEN *(seriously)*. Do you mean that, Margaret?

*(Goes to her, R.)*

MARGARET. Oh, yes, very much too well. If I could just be sure—but people's feelings change so as they grow older, don't they? I mean, you can't compare the way you used to feel about a person, to—to the way you feel now about another, can you? Oh, you can't see, of course!

GARDEN. Yes, I can, Margaret. I was engaged—at college—*(he stops suddenly)* but that isn't the point! The point is that you were just a girl when that horrible thing happened. You couldn't love as you can now.

MARGARET *(doubtfully)*. Perhaps not, but I could suffer, horribly!

GARDEN. It was your pride that suffered; your pride in the man you thought you loved.

MARGARET. I sometimes think it's wrong to live alone all one's life because one man ——

*(She stops and turns away, unable to continue.)*

GARDEN. Exactly. And I could make you happy—I know I could! Our work would lie along the same lines ——

MARGARET. No. Once this war is over, I never want to be near a hospital again. Oh, I know it sounds hard, but I've seen suffering enough to make me sad for the rest of my life.

GARDEN. I don't mean that, Margaret; I mean that by your encouragement and your nearness you can help me in my work.

MARGARET (*smiling*). Yes. Men usually do mean that when they talk about women's work, don't they?

GARDEN. My dear, you shall do whatever you like. You shall drive a motor 'bus or preside over a police court if you wish—just say you'll marry me!

MARGARET. Oh—marry. I don't know about that. I must go home first. I must think about it—but perhaps (*turns to him*) when I come back——

GARDEN (*seizing her hands*). Margaret!

(*Enter SALLY, L., with hot water bottle. She looks at them, startled, then goes up L., gets towel, wraps water bottle in it, and comes down c. a few steps.*)

SALLY (*abruptly*). Here's the hot water bottle.

GARDEN (*gruffly*). Thank you.

(*He goes up c. to SALLY, takes bottle, goes up L., and puts it under bedcovers.*)

MARGARET (*recovering herself quickly*). I'm leaving in half an hour, Miss Page; if there's anything you'd like to ask me—— (*Goes to SALLY, c.*)

SALLY (*coldly*). Thank you. I'll go to the head nurse if I get into trouble.

GARDEN (*to MARGARET*). I'm going to drive you over to the train. In half an hour, you say?

MARGARET. Yes. I've only to change my things. Good-bye, Miss Page, and good luck!

(*She takes SALLY's hand cordially.*)

SALLY (*unbending a little, in spite of herself*). Thank you. I wish you a safe crossing.

(*Comes down R. Exit MARGARET, c.*)

GARDEN (*up L., by bed, enthusiastically*). Isn't she charming, Sally? Such a deep and beautiful nature for so young a woman!

SALLY (*crossly*). Oh, well, twenty-eight isn't so horribly young, you know!

GARDEN (*looking up from the bedside in surprise*). What?

SALLY (*hurriedly*). I mean, you ought to be a little deep at twenty-eight. (*Jumping to a safer subject.*) What are you going to do with Private Johnson?

(*Goes up R.*)

GARDEN. Send him to the base hospital when the ambulance comes; it should be here within the hour. I'm going to leave him in your charge.

SALLY (*coldly*). Oh, yes, you said you were going to the train with Miss Spencer.

GARDEN (*going to her*). Sally, I haven't had a chance to tell you how good it seems to have you here, or how much I admire your pluck in coming.

SALLY (*embarrassed*). Nonsense. How about you? Didn't it take pluck for you to come?

GARDEN. No. It's part of being a doctor—going where you're needed. It's in the job. With a woman, it's different.

SALLY (*slowly*). Well, perhaps it was in my job, too.

GARDEN. But what started you? When I left home three years ago, I left you the gayest butterfly that ever fluttered out of a limousine; and the next thing I heard was that you were studying in a hospital.

SALLY. Oh, well, you can't butterfly forever. Your wings get tired. (*The patient mutters feverishly. SALLY goes to him.*) Yes? What's it? Oh, the pillow isn't right? There, that better?

DAVID (*weakly*). When am I—going?

GARDEN (*up R.*). What did he say?

SALLY (*turning to GARDEN*). He wishes to know when he's going to the base. (*To DAVID.*) In about an hour. When the ambulance comes.

GARDEN. Meanwhile, can't you sleep a bit, old fellow?

DAVID. In an hour? That's good.

(*He quiets down.*)

GARDEN (*preparing to go, takes an instrument from table up C. and carries it down to chest R.*). It's going

to be bully to have you here right along. You always were a good sport, Sally.

SALLY (*melting*). Yes? (*Comes down R.*)

GARDEN (*busy at chest*). It's the next thing to having mother and the girls here.

SALLY (*abruptly*). Oh!

GARDEN. You're "home folks," Sally. When you've been over here a while you'll know what that means. (*She does not answer, and he continues.*) It means the people you've known all your life—the people you've worked and played with—the people you've loved and quarreled with—the people who haven't any illusions about you, but rather like you the way you are.

SALLY (*shaking off her seriousness and laughing*). Phil, don't they always "like you the way you are"? Haven't they begun spoiling you yet—over here?

GARDEN (*turning to her, stiffly*). Not at all. Why should they?

SALLY (*going c., dimpling*). Only that it must seem rather odd to you not to be spoiled.

GARDEN (R. C.). I never was spoiled, and you know it. That ridiculous quarrel that we had——

SALLY (C.). Oh, you admit, now, that it was ridiculous?

GARDEN (*loftily*). Everything a man does at college is more or less ridiculous.

SALLY (*wincing*). Oh!

GARDEN. Yes. Even to becoming engaged to a woman who turns out to be a hard-hearted little flirt.

SALLY (*indignantly*). We were not engaged.

GARDEN. I thought we were.

SALLY (*going L., angrily*). I refused to be engaged to you because I knew at least six girls that you'd been in love with, and I—I——

GARDEN (*following her*). Sally, Sally, you know that's not fair. Besides, you were—different. But that's over, and there's no reason why we shouldn't be friends now, is there?

SALLY. No, there isn't. It's rather difficult not to be friends with you, Phil, even if you are a——

GARDEN. A what?

SALLY (*laughing*). A philandering goose!

GARDEN. Sally!

SALLY (*frankly*). I hated coming here because I knew that you were here; but if you're going to be nice and sensible, and realize that I never cared for you in the very least — (*She eyes him sharply.*)

GARDEN (*a bit disappointed*). Oh, no, of course not!

SALLY. I don't know that I shall mind it so much. (*Becoming more genuine in her manner.*) And I do think you are doing wonders here. I knew you were a good doctor, Phil, but—well, since I've seen some of your patients here, I've been mighty proud of you.

GARDEN. It was rather awful at first, but there wasn't time to be scared, and it's the place to bring out what a man knows.

SALLY. And you're young—only twenty-eight.

GARDEN. Don't give me away. They think me quite dignified over here.

SALLY. Even Miss Spencer?

GARDEN. Even Miss Spencer. Sally, I think—I hope—that maybe she—Margaret——

SALLY. I thought so.

GARDEN (*surprised*). You thought so?

SALLY. I mean, I thought I'd rudely thrown my hot water bag into the middle of a sentimental episode. No—Phil, I don't mean that. I congratulate you—awfully. She's lovely. She's——

DAVID. The ambulance—when did you say——

SALLY (*running up L. to bed*). Oh, surely in an hour. (*Soothingly.*) Won't you try to rest just a little?

(GARDEN follows up c.)

GARDEN. Martin must have fallen foul of the pharmacist. Two musicians in one hospital is an overdose. I'll go after him. Twenty drops in a glass of water as soon as it comes, Sally.

(Exit hurriedly, c.)

SALLY. Yes. (*She sits by the bed.*)

DAVID. You won't go away?

SALLY. No, indeed.

(*She goes down R., gets knitting, goes back to bed, sits, and goes to work. Her manner changes. It is evident she is unhappy.*)

DAVID. Where did the other one go?

SALLY. Miss Spencer? Why, she goes back to England to-day. Where you'll be going one of these days, you know.

DAVID. No, I think not. No!

SALLY. Well, anyhow, I'd be awfully pleased if you'd try to grab a nap before the ambulance comes. I hate to send a patient away all fussed and nervous.

DAVID. Yes, I'll try—I'll try —

(*He tosses about two or three times and finally lies still. SALLY stares into vacancy for a moment, as though thinking of something unpleasant, then knits furiously. Enter MARTIN, C., carrying bottle of medicine.*)

MARTIN. I would like to 'ave dat drum man under me at rehearsal for jus' one hour! Jus' one leetle —

SALLY (*going to him and taking the bottle from him*). Hush, he is trying to rest. (*She measures the medicine, dropping it into a glass of water. MARTIN comes down L.*) Eighteen, nineteen, twenty! (*She goes to the bedside, gives it to the sick man, raising his head gently.*) That will help, I'm sure.

MARTIN (*down L.*). Ah, he has the luck! They took my arm off, and all I had was Emmeline to hol' my hand! Ah, ministering angel!

SALLY (*up C.*). I guess you've had all the ministering angels you've needed in your career, Monsieur Martin.

MARTIN. Ah, well, I do not complain. One mus' suffer occasionally.

SALLY (*grimly*). One does, at any rate.

(*She comes down R. and sits knitting.*)

MARTIN (*crossing R. to her*). It is good for one's career. I feel that when I next play the rôle of a soldier I shall do so with more authority if with less anatomy.

SALLY (*shivering*). Oh!

MARTIN. Why not, Mademoiselle? Stop singing because a part of me, a most unnecessary part of me, is gone? I do not sing with my arms like some, thank heaven!

SALLY (*reflectively*). That is so. It is like being unhappily in love. One can go on.

MARTIN (*eyeing her keenly*). One must go on, Mademoiselle.

SALLY (*wistfully*). And after all, one's first love is—I mean——

MARTIN. Like one's left arm; delightful, but not altogether indispensable.

SALLY (*meditatively*). And most people don't marry their first loves, do they, Monsieur Martin?

MARTIN. The wise ones do not, Mademoiselle. Now if I——

(*DAVID moves restlessly and speaks disconnectedly, as though slightly delirious. They pause and listen.*)

DAVID. Fifty—saved—all of them! If she could know——

MARTIN. He is delirious.

SALLY. There, I'm here. (*She goes up L. to bed.*)  
I do know. It's all over.

DAVID. No, she wouldn't—she couldn't——

MARTIN (*down R.*). The inevitable "she."

(*Shakes his head philosophically.*)

SALLY. Please——

DAVID. After ten years, David Manners, ten years? But the other fifty——

MARTIN (*startled*). Eh, what! (*He goes up R. C.*)

SALLY. Hush!

(*They look at each other in astonishment.*)

DAVID (*angrily*). Not Captain Manners, I tell you! Private—Private Johnson! The Colonel said at the court martial—but that was ten years ago. Private Johnson, of the—of the—I can't remember the regiment—the Colonel knows—yes, sir, I'll go—I'll do it—I'm no duffer—I've been in India, I tell you——

SALLY (*frightened*). Hush!

DAVID. Margaret, why do you say "hush"? Don't you want to hear about the fifty that—tell me—what's the Kaiser doing in India? (*Points to MARTIN.*) Came all the way to India to court-martial David Manners—— (*He sinks down exhausted.*)

MARTIN (*bringing SALLY down c.*). Mademoiselle, it is he! Captain Manners!

SALLY (*wildly*). How can we know? The man's delirious.

MARTIN. He will sleep now, and when he awakes, his mind will be clearer. You must ask him.

SALLY (*recoiling*). I? Oh, no, I can't! Don't ask me to.

MARTIN. But what joy for the English miss! Think of it, mon amie! Unless——

SALLY. Yes, that's just it—unless! She's buried him; buried him with pain and suffering, and built her new happiness on his grave, and now you're going to undo it all!

MARTIN. But if she loved him——

SALLY. You said yourself that wise people didn't marry their first loves! Why, she didn't even recognize him!

MARTIN. With all that beard his mother wouldn't have recognize' him, Mademoiselle.

SALLY (*helplessly*). I can't spoil her life and—and Phil's—by telling her. Some one else might. Some one who doesn't care—but not I—not I——

(*Enter EMMELINE, c.*)

EMMELINE. De haid nurse wan' Miss Page, an' she wan' her right sma't.

SALLY. Oh, I ——— (*She hesitates.*)

EMMELINE. Bettah hustle, honey, she got blood in her eye! (*She vanishes c.*)

SALLY (*to MARTIN, meaningly*). Stay with him, but don't wake him!

MARTIN (*after a moment's hesitation*). I promise, Mademoiselle. (*Exit SALLY, c. MARTIN takes his watch out, frowns, looks at the patient, shrugs his shoulder and crosses R. Hums a bar or two from "Aida" or "Faust."*) It is not war as we see it in opera, decidedly. Some one who does not care—bah!

(*He lights a cigarette, seats himself down R. and hums softly. DAVID stirs, tosses, sits up and rubs his eyes.*)

DAVID. What—oh, it's the hospital!

MARTIN (*hypocritically*). Pardon, Monsieur. I have waked you! (*Goes up L. to bed.*)

DAVID. It's real, then? I haven't been dreaming?

MARTIN. What is real, Monsieur? (*Sits by bed.*)

DAVID. Oh, the place and the nurse—and you, I suppose.

MARTIN. I am mos' real, Monsieur. Touch my arm—oh, pardon, not that one—this one I assure you is mos' real.

DAVID (*grasping the significance of the empty sleeve*). Lately? (*Touches sleeve.*)

MARTIN. At Cambrai.

DAVID. I was there. It was hell.

MARTIN (*cheerfully*). Parfaitement. It was.

DAVID. But the nurse—tell me—who is she?

MARTIN. A Mees Page from New York.

DAVID. No—no—the other!

MARTIN (*slowly*). Ah, yes, the English mees! She is Margaret Spencer.

DAVID (*half aside*). Then it was she. I wasn't dreaming.

MARTIN. I think Monsieur was a little—what you call "out of the head" for a few moments.

DAVID (*anxiously*). What did I say?

MARTIN. Oh, nothing! Jus' the rambling one makes when the head is not clear.

DAVID (*speaking carefully and with evident effort*). Is there—is there a doctor here named "Phil"?

MARTIN. To be sure. Dr. Garden.

DAVID (*wildly*). Then it's all real! I must get away from here!

MARTIN (*soothingly*). They will take Monsieur to the base hospital this afternoon.

DAVID. This afternoon won't do. I must go now.

MARTIN. But it is impossible. Monsieur has been ill—quite ill. After his heroic feat of leading the Boches away from his countrymen——

DAVID (*angrily*). Heroic? You wouldn't have had me lead 'em toward them, would you? Heroic tommy rot!

MARTIN. Ah, but it takes the courage and the clear head to think quickly under fire!

DAVID (*bitterly*). The clear head—yes. I must get away, I tell you!

MARTIN. Patience, mon ami. One has good care here, though of course we shall miss the English nurse.

DAVID (*eagerly*). She is going away?

MARTIN (*blandly*). She has gone.

DAVID. Gone?

MARTIN. Back to England. You will not see the English mees again. (*Rises.*)

DAVID. That was it! She said—he was to drive her——

MARTIN. Very likely. The Americans are very gallant. When one has seen their women one does not wonder. I, though unworthy, have married two of them.

DAVID. What are you, anyway, a Turk?

MARTIN. No, Monsieur, but the greatest living tenor, at your service. Henri Martin. (*Bows.*)

DAVID. I say, that's jolly queer, isn't it? I've paid a guinea many's the time to hear you sing "Celeste Aida," and now——

MARTIN. Monsieur may hear me any night for nothing. I sing each evening to the wounded. A one

arm' man need not be altogether useless, it seems. An artist sometimes wonders, in his dark moments, whether he is of any use in the worl'.

DAVID. I know. None of us need wonder now. The war's done that much for us.

MARTIN. I think Monsieur would feel the better for a shave and a cigarette.

DAVID (*eagerly*). Better!

MARTIN (*craftily*). Hush! It can be manage' easily while the nurse is away.

*(He quickly gathers shaving materials together from stand up L.)*

DAVID. You are sure the English one has gone?

MARTIN. Quite. It is drôle. When I had two arms, I could not shave myself, but needed a valet. Now, with one arm I valet others. One lives and learns.

*(He begins to shave the sick man, humming cheerfully.)*

DAVID. Easy there, old chap; it isn't much of a face, but I'm rather attached to it, you know.

MARTIN. Parfaitement. One is beginning to know what the face looks like without the underbrush, eh? Monsieur is becoming recognizable.

DAVID (*alarmed*). Recognizable!

MARTIN. Quite so. Quiet, please; in the art of the barber I am yet an amateur. I sometimes blunder.

*(Pause.)*

DAVID. Oh, I say, leave the mustache, please.

MARTIN. A thousand pardons, I cannot! Half of him is gone. Ah, Monsieur is younger than I supposed! (*Finishes.*)

DAVID. Thanks. It does feel rather decent to be clean again. You mentioned a cigarette?

MARTIN. They are in my room. I have some that were sent from England. Monsieur will prefer them.

Attendez! (*Hands the sick man a mirror.*) In the meantime, Monsieur may study himself.

(*Exit MARTIN, c., humming gayly as he goes. Diminishing effect with phonograph, if desired.*)

DAVID (*surveying himself in the mirror*). It's the face of the man who went out to India and made a fool of himself. (*Pause.*) Margaret would know me now if she saw me. (*Puts down the mirror; sinks back on pillow.*) Gad, I'm weak! How fever takes it out of a chap! (*Sitting up again, and speaking excitedly.*) Suppose that fellow was wrong, and she hadn't gone? If she came back! She looked at me for a moment as though she were reminded of something. That wouldn't do. She's got her chance now—I'll not get in the way again! (*Slowly, he drags himself up until he is sitting on the edge of the bed. He is still in the bedraggled uniform, as only the coat and shoes have been removed. He breathes with difficulty.*) I could walk if I had to. (*Stands.*) I could manage—— (*Sinks back on bed with a groan.*) But of course she's gone. Why should the fellow lie to me? He knows nothing. Gad, how weak I am!

(*MARGARET'S voice is heard off c.—not too near, as though she were a little distance away.*)

MARGARET. Why, yes, I will, of course, but Dr. Garden left him in her care.

MARTIN'S VOICE (*off c.*). Parfaitement. But she has left him alone, Mademoiselle.

DAVID (*wildly*). That's Margaret speaking. She hasn't gone! I must get out of this. (*Gets to his feet, with great difficulty gets as far as the chair, holds desperately to it.*) I might be a baby for all the strength I've got! (*Starts to go alone.*) That door's a mile away, but I'll make it—— (*Goes down, but manages to crawl to door up c.*) I've got to make it! (*Enter MARGARET, c.*) Oh, the deuce!

MARGARET (*running to him*). Oh, how dreadful! What has happened?

DAVID (*trying to keep her from seeing his face*). Nothing—nothing, whatever! Please go away!

(*She forces him to get up and helps him to the bed. Then she sees his face.*)

MARGARET. David—David!

DAVID. Margaret, you mustn't—please—oh, Margaret!

MARGARET (*sobbing on his shoulder*). David!

DAVID (*giving up*). Margaret, how I've hungered for you—these ten years!

MARGARET (*wildly*). But I don't understand—they said you were Private Johnson——

DAVID. I didn't want you to know me, Margaret! I'm going away from here. I'd have gone already if I hadn't given out——

MARGARET. Gone! Without my knowing? And I——

DAVID. Yes. You've mended your life. I'll not break it again. I tell you——

MARGARET. David, how could you so nearly let me lose you again? How could you?

DAVID (*severely*). Listen to me, Margaret. David Manners is dead. He died ten years ago. He was an undisciplined young cub who let liquor get the best of him when he was in a position of trust, and he paid for it—he and fifty others.

MARGARET. Then it—it was true?

DAVID. That much of it was. I'll do him this much justice, though; I've never been sure that I wouldn't have done the same thing sober. It was one of those hare-brained charges that are all right when they turn out all right, and all wrong when they don't. But the worst part of it was that I couldn't tell! Perhaps in my right mind I wouldn't have taken the chance. I'll never know. They broke me—and right enough it was.

MARGARET. And I——

DAVID. Do you think I'd let you tie yourself to a disgraced man? I wrote you the truth, and then disappeared.

MARGARET. But I might have tried to find you—and I didn't. I was a coward, David. I was frightened and I let you go.

DAVID. It's what you must do again—let me go.

MARGARET. Never! I've learned things, David, in ten years. I—I'm not a coward any more.

DAVID (*excitedly*). I tell you, David Manners is dead! Don't think that because I've done one decent thing I'm going to let him come back to life again. Private Johnson saved those men the other night. He's going back now to finish his job.

(*Tries to rise. MARGARET gently pushes him back on the bed where he lies, half sitting.*)

MARGARET. David—never—never while I live!

DAVID. I can't trust the other one. I haven't known him for ten years. How do I know that he won't go back —

MARGARET. But I know! I'll answer for him.

(*Kneels by the bed.*)

DAVID. I won't let you. Listen to me, dear; I heard you talking to the American doctor who brought me in. I understand you—as he does—better than you understand yourself.

MARGARET. No—no —

DAVID. He's a good chap—a fine chap. There are no better fellows on earth than these Americans that are coming over. You'll marry him, and leave the old memories behind forever.

MARGARET. David, I shan't marry any one just to please you.

DAVID. To please me!

MARGARET. I know I was a miserable little beast not to stand by you — (*He tries to stop her.*) But I'm going to do it now. I'm going to marry the man I love—I don't care if he is Private Johnson!

DAVID (*feebly*). Margaret!

MARGARET (*happily*). It's not a pretty name. Why did you choose it?

DAVID. It didn't seem to matter at the time. I wasn't thinking of asking any one to share it with me. I had to be back with the army when the trouble came, so I just enlisted.

MARGARET (*burying her face in his shoulder*). David, if you hadn't ——

DAVID. If I'd known that the regiment was to be under Colonel Armstrong I'd never have dared try it. I've messed with the old boy a thousand times in the old days, and I've been deathly afraid he'd recognize me.

MARGARET. No one could recognize you, David, with that vile beard—not even I.

DAVID. Margaret, you're sure that you won't regret? I'll never be anything but Private Johnson, you know.

MARGARET. Doesn't a woman know after ten years?

DAVID. Margaret!

(SALLY enters, stands in the doorway, c.)

SALLY. Oh! Oh! (*She steps forward, R. C., stops, half frightened, half angry.*) Then you ——

MARGARET (*rising and speaking with dignity*). Come in, Miss Page. Your patient is an old friend of mine. I didn't recognize him till I saw him clean shaven.

SALLY (*sharply*). Who shaved him?

DAVID. A young man who says he is the greatest living tenor.

SALLY. The vampire! I shall never trust a Frenchman again—never!

MARGARET (*gently*). And, after all, Miss Sally, I think you are the one to be scolded. I found your patient alone and trying to walk.

SALLY (*conscience stricken*). Oh! How dreadful! I haven't been gone but a few minutes, and he promised —— You see, the head nurse sent for me, and while I was there the English officer drove up in his motor, and there was such an excitement!

DAVID. What English officer?

SALLY. I don't know. Somebody dreadfully important. He had everybody by the ears.

MARGARET. What did he want?

SALLY. I don't know, but he wanted it pretty badly. I thought he was going to have a fit. Then Monsieur Martin came in——

MARGARET. Ah, yes.

SALLY. They went at each other like two dreadfully excited tomcats, and I suddenly remembered that my patient was alone, so I ran. I thought——  
(*She stops, looks at MARGARET, then continues.*) I thought Dr. Garden was going to drive you to the train?

MARGARET. I am not going to England. I am going to see this patient safely to the base hospital.

SALLY (*a little taken back*). Oh! It—it's very good of you, I'm sure. Then you won't need me any longer.

(*She starts up stage. Enter GARDEN, excitedly, c., followed by MARTIN.*)

GARDEN. Sally, where's—— (*He sees the others, and goes to MARGARET.*) Margaret! You know?

MARGARET (*up L. c., with sympathy*). Yes, Phil, I know. (*Turning to DAVID.*) At last.

GARDEN (*up c., taking MARGARET's hand and looking into her face as though hoping to read something there which he does not see*). Margaret, I—I'm glad. (*To DAVID.*) I congratulate you, sir.

DAVID (*up L., simply*). Thank you, doctor.

SALLY (*up R. c., aside*). Good old America!

MARTIN (*up R., to her*). Parfaitement, Mademoiselle. Good old America. Hah!

(*Comes down L., evidently pleased with himself.*)

MARGARET. But how did you know?

GARDEN (*in some irritation*). Know? How is any one to help knowing—with the British Army bellowing it all over the place? (*Comes down R.*)

DAVID. What!

GARDEN. Old Armstrong's been exploding fire-works in the office for half an hour trying to make some one understand that the young firebrand who's coming in for the D. S. O. or the V. C. or whatever it is you Tommies call it isn't Private Johnson, but Captain David Manners of the British Army.

DAVID. The deuce!

MARTIN (*with eloquent gestures*). Parfaitement. The Colonel say he have notice something familiar about the young man, but he have not suspect until they find among his things the miniature of a lady that the Colonel have the pleasure of knowing. (*Bows.*)

MARGARET. My picture!

MARTIN. So. And now the Colonel come to congratulate the young man and to welcome him back to the service. (*Grand gesture.*)

MARGARET. I shall have my way after all, for even you, David, cannot hide what everybody knows.

(*She throws her arms around DAVID. GARDEN, down R., turns away. SALLY comes down R. and puts hand on his shoulder.*)

SALLY. Remember, Phil, there's a lot of hard work for you and me to do, and there's no First Aid like work.

GARDEN (*turning to her, bravely*). Real work this time, Sally, not college fun.

(*SALLY nods, and he takes her hand in a comradely manner.*)

MARGARET (*aside, and as though something were dawning on her*). College! Oh! I see!

(*She turns back to DAVID. Enter EMMELINE, c., excitedly waving a telegram.*)

EMMELINE. Jes' listen, you white folks, how ma Rastus done 'stinguish hisse'f. I's so proud of dat nigger, 'pears lak I'll bust. (*Reads.*) "Done been under fire and spoiled my best uniform. Please send

twenty-five dollars right smart. Rastus." What you think of dat?

MARTIN. It is grand. And will Monsieur Rastus get the money?

EMMELINE (*coming down L. to MARTIN*). Man, dat nigger gwine have his money if I has to take it to him mahself!

SALLY (*laughing*). More First Aid.

GARDEN (*smiling, then growing serious*). Sally, I guess I need a little treatment myself. Will you stand by me, old girl?

SALLY. Yes, Phil.

MARGARET DAVID

SALLY

EMMELINE

GARDEN

MARTIN

CURTAIN

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Your Next Program

## **GRADUATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL.**

An Entertainment in Two Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For six males and four females, with several minor parts. Time of playing, two hours. Modern costumes. Simple interior scenes; may be presented in a hall without scenery. The unusual combination of a real "entertainment," including music, recitations, etc., with an interesting love story. The graduation exercises include short speeches, recitations, songs, funny interruptions, and a comical speech by a country school trustee. Price, 15 cents.

## **EXAMINATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL.**

An Entertainment in One Act, by WARD MACAULEY. Eight male and six female characters, with minor parts. Plays one hour. Scene, an easy interior, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Miss Marks, the teacher, refuses to marry a trustee, who threatens to discharge her. The examination includes recitations and songs, and brings out many funny answers to questions. At the close Robert Coleman, an old lover, claims the teacher. Very easy and very effective. Price, 15 cents.

**BACK TO THE COUNTRY STORE.** A Rural Entertainment in Three Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For four male and five female characters, with some supers. Time, two hours. Two scenes, both easy interiors. Can be played effectively without scenery. Costumes, modern. All the principal parts are sure hits. Quigley Higginbotham, known as "Quig," a clerk in a country store, aspires to be a great author or singer and decides to try his fortunes in New York. The last scene is in Quig's home. He returns a failure but is offered a partnership in the country store. He pops the question in the midst of a surprise party given in his honor. Easy to do and very funny. Price, 15 cents.

**THE DISTRICT CONVENTION.** A Farcical Sketch in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven males and one female, or twelve males. Any number of other parts or supernumeraries may be added. Plays forty-five minutes. No special scenery is required, and the costumes and properties are all easy. The play shows an uproarious political nominating convention. The climax comes when a woman's rights champion, captures the convention. There is a great chance to burlesque modern politics and to work in local gags. Every part will make a hit. Price, 15 cents.

**SI SLOCUM'S COUNTRY STORE.** An Entertainment in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eleven male and five female characters with supernumeraries. Several parts may be doubled. Plays one hour. Interior scene, or may be played without set scenery. Costumes, modern. The rehearsal for an entertainment in the village church gives plenty of opportunity for specialty work. A very jolly entertainment of the sort adapted to almost any place or occasion. Price, 15 cents.

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# Unusually Good Entertainments

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on  
Your Next Program

**A SURPRISE PARTY AT BRINKLEY'S.** An Entertainment in One Scene, by WARD MACAULEY. Seven male and seven female characters. Interior scene, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time, one hour. By the author of the popular successes, "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," "Back to the Country Store," etc. The villagers have planned a birthday surprise party for Mary Brinkley, recently graduated from college. They all join in jolly games, songs, conundrums, etc., and Mary becomes engaged, which surprises the surprisers. The entertainment is a sure success. Price, 15 cents.

**JONES VS. JINKS.** A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout. Price, 15 cents.

**THE SIGHT-SEEING CAR.** A Comedy Sketch in One Act, by ERNEST M. GOULD. For seven males, two females, or may be all male. Parts may be doubled, with quick changes, so that four persons may play the sketch. Time, forty-five minutes. Simple street scene. Costumes, modern. The superintendent of a sight-seeing automobile engages two men to run the machine. A Jew, a farmer, a fat lady and other humorous characters give them all kinds of trouble. This is a regular gatling-gun stream of rollicking repartee. Price, 15 cents.

**THE CASE OF SMYTHE VS. SMITH.** An Original Mock Trial in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eighteen males and two females, or may be all male. Plays about one hour. Scene, a county courtroom; requires no scenery; may be played in an ordinary hall. Costumes, modern. This entertainment is nearly perfect of its kind, and a sure success. It can be easily produced in any place or on any occasion, and provides almost any number of good parts. Price, 15 cents.

**THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION.** A Farical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals. Price, 25 cents.

**BARGAIN DAY AT BLOOMSTEIN'S.** A Farical Entertainment in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. For five males and ten females, with supers. Interior scene. Costumes, modern. Time, thirty minutes. The characters and the situations which arise from their endeavors to buy and sell make rapid-fire fun from start to finish. Price, 15 cents.

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# Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

**YOUNG DOCTOR DEVINE.** A Farce in Two Acts, by MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW. One of the most popular plays for girls. For nine female characters. Time in playing, thirty minutes. Scenery, ordinary interior. Modern costumes. Girls in a boarding-school, learning that a young doctor is coming to vaccinate all the pupils, eagerly consult each other as to the manner of fascinating the physician. When the doctor appears upon the scene the pupils discover that the physician is a female practitioner. Price, 15 cents.

**SISTER MASONS.** A Burlesque in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization. Price, 15 cents.

**A COMMANDING POSITION.** A Farcical Entertainment, by AMELIA SANFORD. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework. Price, 15 cents.

**HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.** A Comedy in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels. Price, 15 cents.

**THE OXFORD AFFAIR.** A Comedy in Three Acts, by JOSEPHINE H. COBB and JENNIE E. PAINE. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment. Price 15 cents.

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